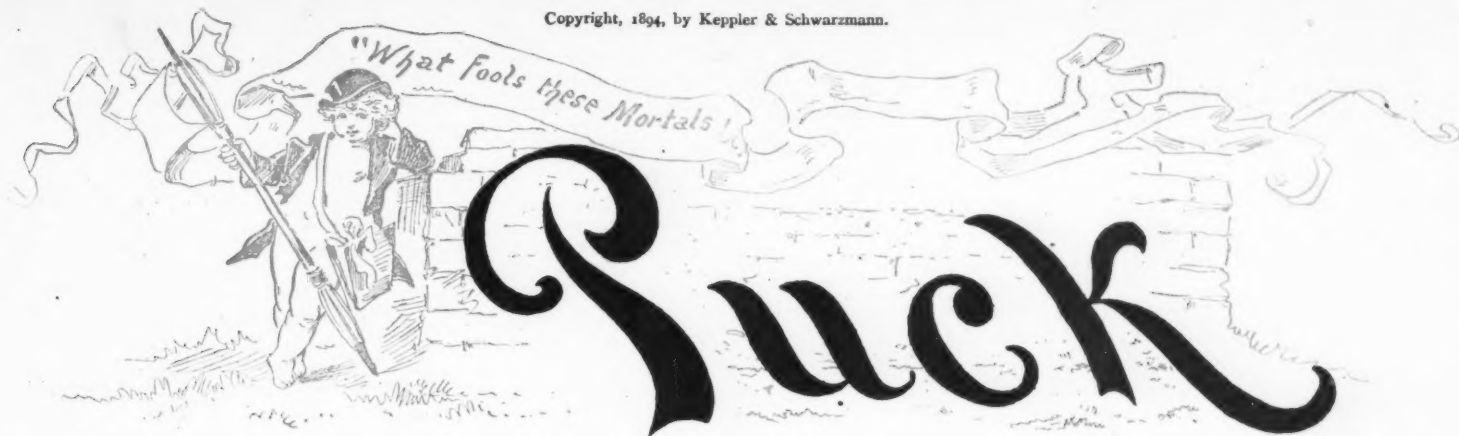


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McKINLEY HAS ALMOST ALL THE CHIPS;— BUT THE GAME IS YOUNG, YET.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, January 3rd, 1894. - No. 878.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

THIS VOLUME of PUCK is the thirty-fourth; and this is the seventeenth year of PUCK's existence. Never before in all these years has this paper published a cartoon for the second time — except in a reduced or condensed form, as a significant adjunct to some later publication on the same topic. But to-day PUCK presents a cartoon re-drawn from one that appeared in these pages on January 16, 1884; and the present occasion not only justifies but demands this reproduction. There must be a vital and serious import behind a statement of opinion that after ten years will bear neither modification nor amendment, but remains as forcible and complete as on the day when it was first put forth.

Our readers will remember the advent of Mgr. Satolli in this country, and the vociferous chorus of enthusiastic welcome that greeted him from all those good, honest, well-meaning souls who never can learn that the millennium is n't going to come every time that they whistle for it. These worthy and futile folk fell upon Satolli's neck and blessed him. "Here," they said, "is the crowning glory of the nineteenth century. Here is the dear old Pope of Rome sending over this nice man to rebuke the wicked Corrigans who prefer their own parochial schools to our public schools. Now all will be peace and liberality and progress. The Public school and the Parochial school shall fuse together in heavenly harmony on the ingenious plan of Archbishop Ireland; and the question of centuries shall be settled in ten minutes of polite discussion. How pleasant it is of this very intelligent Pope to take such an interest in American institutions!" And once more they fell upon the neck of Satolli, and as he looked over their shoulders toward the distant east, a wink trembled forth upon the atmosphere, and traveled unobtrusively in the direction of St. Peters, Rome, Italy.

Most of our esteemed contemporaries, secular and religious, joined in this beautiful love-feast. PUCK did not. The seventeen years in which he has studied this subject, worked over it, thought over it, fought over it, have taught him this much, at least: that when the lion shows an anxious and highly sympathetic desire to lie down with the lamb, the price of

mutton is not getting dangerously low. Mgr. Satolli's fond friends had forgotten some things that those must not forget who have the freedom and independence of our public schools at heart. They had forgotten that, a generation ago, the highest representative of the Roman Catholic Church in this country was an Archbishop. Then came the first American Cardinal; and now comes a representative of Rome, of such extraordinary power and influence that his like does not exist to-day anywhere else in the civilized world. It is the College of Cardinals that elects the Pope. But here is a man who can snub cardinals, overturn their decisions; silence their very consciences if it so please him. He is the Pope's representative — how much less, in what wise different from a very Pope himself? And yet the whole Protestant press set up a shout of joyous welcome when he landed on our shores to exercise his tremendous and unprecedented power, and to bring the secret mind of Rome close to the one American idea on which the growth and health of this country most depend.

We have no quarrel with the Catholic Church. We only wish we could say of it that it had no quarrel with our institutions. But it has, so far as its central administration at Rome is concerned, and we believe it is a quarrel that will have to be fought out straight along the line to the only end that can possibly come, and that is the end that we Americans make up our mind to. No one can fairly object to the attitude of those Catholic clerics who honestly believe in Catholic schools, supported by Catholic purses, for Catholic children. They make a mistake, we think; they keep the children out of the line of American growth, prosperity and progress; but they are the chief losers by their own narrowness. And of intelligent Catholic laymen throughout the country, we do not believe that there is one in ten who would not rather send his children to the public school and let them grow up with the children they would meet there, than put them into any parochial school, no matter how good or how cheap. But while nothing can be said against the right of the Roman Catholic to educate his child in a Roman Catholic way out of a Roman Catholic pocket, it is time for emphatic and effective protest when any Roman Catholic — or, for the matter of that, any Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, Shaker, Quaker, Unitarian, Universalist, Mohammedan or other sectarian of any kind or description — tries to put his hand in the pocket of the people and divert one cent of our Public School fund to support schools established in the interests of his particular religion. We make no distinction between the various denominations in this matter — except the distinction the Catholics are making for themselves.

Mgr. Satolli came over here with fair words on his lips, and an exudation of Christian charity, breadth of mind, liberal ideas and nineteenth century progress all over him. The significance, the import, the purport, the meaning, the intent, the character, the whole why-and-wherefore of Satolli are disclosed and revealed in the iniquitous Spelissy Bill — so called — for a diversion of a part of the school-funds of this state to the private use and profit of the Catholic Church. Satolli is the American Pope, with power absolute over layman, priest, bishop and cardinal. This is his bill, and there can be no divided responsibility. And the American people has just one answer to it — NOT ONE CENT!

MIDWINTER FORESTRY.



"THE NICEST fir-tree, to my mind," —
She murmured, as in joke,
"Is that on which a wife can find
A handsome seal-skin cloak."

THE CAT IN THE MEAL-TUB.

PROMINENT CITIZEN.—So you are a committee from the unemployed working-men. What can I do for you?

CHAIRMAN.—We desire you to address us to-morrow night.

PROMINENT CITIZEN.—What sort of an address do you want?

CHAIRMAN.—Could n't you make it an after-dinner speech?

WHERE SHOULD THE LINE BE DRAWN?

DODGE.—I think there should be an educational restriction on voting.

LODGE.—Well, would you merely require voters to be able to read and write, or would you insist that they should play football?

THE COMING ERA OF ORGANIZED LABOR.

WIFE.—John, can't you go across the street and see if the Thompsons won't raise their cook's wages?

HUSBAND.—Why, what have we to do with their cook?

WIFE.—Oh, she and our Bridget belong to the Servant Girls' Union, and Bridget vows she won't finish cooking dinner until it's done; and the Thompsons dine with us this evening, you know!

STRANGER.—And are there still medicine men in your tribe?

DAKOTA INDIAN.—Sure thing! There's money in drugs since the original package decision.



STRANGERS ONCE, BUT PARTNERS NOW.

UNITED AT LAST IN A COMMON OBJECT.

WHY THE SALE WAS NOT CONSUMMATED.



INTENDING PURCHASER.—Now, just one more stroke of your brush, and I'll take the picture at your own price.



ARTIST (turning around in delight).—Oh, thank you, sir! —



— ! — ! — ! — ! — !

A FATAL ONE.

BINGO (to REAL ESTATE AGENT).—Now, sir, my wife has taken a great fancy to that last house you showed us; but it's a little more than I want to pay. Can't you throw out some objection that will make her change her mind?

REAL ESTATE AGENT.—Yes, sir. I'll tell her you say you won't live in any other.



IN THE WRONG PLACE.

FRIEND.—You told me you intended to create a sensation to boom your paper; but I don't see much of a boom.

EDITOR *Dugout City Screech*.—I expected to have the whole town wild by this time, but 't ain't no use tryin'. These people here have n't sense enough to last 'em over Sunday. Why, sir, in my last issue I called the mayor a "rhomboid remnant of mædieval scullery superimposed on the Darwinian missing link!"

"Did n't that raise a row and sell papers?"

"No; the dunce took it for a compliment, and did n't fire a shot. This ain't no place for me. I ought to be in Boston!"

A DISTINCTION.

STRANGER.—Is this a boarding-house?

LADY AT DOOR (haughtily).—No, sir; it is not.

STRANGER.—Why, I thought you took boarders!

LADY AT DOOR (affably).—Oh, yes! Certainly we do!

NEW WORK FOR THE BROADWAY SQUAD.

MRS. SLIMPURSE.—Officer, I need your help.

POLICEMAN.—Yes, Mum; right away, Mum! What is it?

"You see that sign there? 'Twenty-five-cent towels for five cents each.'"

"Yes, Mum."

"It's only a drawing card, you know."

"I suppose so, Mum."

"The towels are undoubtedly worth twenty-five cents, as any one can see, but they are willing to lose on them for the sake of the profit they will make on other things which folks, after getting towels, will be sure to buy."

"Yes, Mum; but I can't see what you want of me."

"You can't? Why, I need some towels, and as soon as I have purchased them I want you to rush in and pull me out; that's all."

A CUNNING LITTLE LOVE.

HE.—You must do everything in your power to keep our engagement a secret from your parents.

SHE.—Oh, I'll soon throw them off the scent! I expect half-a-dozen other offers within a week, and I'll accept them all.

PRECEDENCE IN BOSTON.

MISS BACKBAY.—Mama, is the Chelsea family as old as ours?

MRS. BACKBAY.—Not quite, my dear. They are of "Mayflower" stock, indeed! but our ancestors preceded theirs by five minutes in leaving the boat.

A MASTERPIECE.

FRIEND.—That villain in your new play is a masterpiece. Where did you get the character?

DRAMATIST.—I imagined a man possessed of all the varieties of wickedness which my wife ascribes to me, when she gets mad.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LOVE.

Now that I've won the maiden's heart,

The fact to me is clear,

To win her hand I'll have to try

To win her father's ear.



THE NEXT MOTOR IMPROVEMENT FOR BROOKLYN.

THE PROSPECT PARK BABY CARRIAGE TROLLEY LINE.

"TIME WAITS for no man;" but every man has to wait for his time.



III.

ONE TOMB AND ANOTHER.

IN THE Cathedral of St. Paul's, which stands near one of Mr. Hope's excellent haberdasheries on Ludgate Hill, there are many, very many, monuments to the dead. Some of them are erected in memory of great heroes and real great men — such as General Gordon, for example. (By the way, I should remind you that in England when a man named Gordon is a hero, he is an Englishman: when he is in trade he is only a Scotchman.)

Others of these monuments, however, constitute a most remarkable collection of costly memorials to inconsiderable and commonplace chumps that can be found anywhere. By inconsiderable and commonplace chumps I mean the John Henry William Popstowe Weekses and the William Herbert Paget Paget Dumbthwaiteses, who make up the bulk of the county families of England, and who never do anything except command regiments of yeomanry and leave inconsolable widows.

In a conspicuous position near the middle of the church stands an exceptionally imposing monument. For one reason, at least, it may be called one of the most imposing monuments in the world. It is large, chastely ornate, and its most prominent feature is a broad tablet bearing a long inscription. It is in memory of a nobleman who was also a military



man of high rank, and who bore several titles and performed several high official functions. This inscription recites, with great particularity in its minuteness, the dead man's posts and deeds of honor, recounts his numerous victories, and his noteworthy services to the British flag in various and sundry parts of the world. It gives the date of his birth and of his death, and it is so long and so full that you would think a half-dozen additional words could not have materially increased the expense. Any stone-cutter, even a mean stone-cutter, would be willing to throw in a line or two extra on such a wholesale job as that.

Yet nowhere in that long inscription is there one word to remind the reader of the fact that the Marquis of Cornwallis, in memory of whom it was erected, ever visited the pleasant shores of Virginia, in the United States of America, even for a duck-hunting expedition.

And as to Yorktown — why, you might read that inscription for a year, backward and forward and crosswise, and it never would suggest to you that such a place as Yorktown had ever got into the geography books.

The philosophy of it all is simple. Out of that dense gray fog the British forefinger frequently emerges to point with pride to this, that or the other achievement of British valor. But there is absolutely no pointing with pride to be found in the Yorktown business; fog, thick fog, is the only refuge, and the British forefinger hangs limp in obscurity.

I think this is really a great feat, and the Briton deserves credit for performing it successfully. For, when you come to think of it, it is grand in its completeness and roundedness. It is n't a half-way shift at all. It just wipes out of existence the signal defeat of the British arms, the loss of her richest colony, the foundation of a rival English-speaking nation. And it tears right out of the book the one really interesting chapter in Lord Cornwallis's life — the one chapter by which alone he became known to fame and the world. He was Governor of this and that, he was victor

of battles here and there, he was many things and great, as you may read in that long epitaph; but to the great mass of people, all over the world, he is known only as the man who surrendered at Yorktown.

Yet to the Briton this fact is non-existent, because he does n't like to think about it. It is a painful fact to ponder on, a humiliating fact. Presto! It is no fact at all; it is gone, it is not. The great magician, Fog, has swallowed it up.

If that Fog could only be cut off in slices or chunks and exported, what a sale it would have in all the markets of the world! Think of how convenient it would be! Was your grandmother hanged for murdering orphan infants? Buy a chunk of Fog and the deed never was done, and you never had a grandmother. Are you ugly and do you squint? With a slice of Fog between you and your mirror you gaze with clear and well-set eyes upon a face of surpassing beauty. Does your conscience trouble you? Rub in copious applications of Fog, and you have the conscience of a year-old babe.

But there seems to be something in the mental and moral systems of other nationalities that forbids them to make much use of the precious fog. You could not get Americans to dodge the record of honorable defeat under any circumstances. Witness, for past generations, the popularity of pictures of the Chesapeake and Shannon fight, and of the encounter of the Cumberland and the Merrimac. Witness, for the present generation, the attitude of the whole South toward the vanquished heroes of the War of the Rebellion.

The German could not do it; his country is never dearer to him than in her hour of adversity. And the Frenchman — oh, yes, that reminds me —

The Frenchman, as you may know from several voices that have spoken from time to time out of the Fog on the other side of the Channel, is a frog-eating little mounseer of whom it takes about a dozen to match one Englishman. He is also a person of extreme frivolity and insincerity. These, combined with a waxed moustache and a goatee, are his principal characteristics.

Well, now, let me tell you how this frog-eating little waxed moustache of insincerity meets a situation like that of the Cornwallis business, only infinitely worse and more trying in its suggestion.

Go to the cemetery of Montmartre, in the city of Paris, and ask for the tomb of General Wimpffen. It is smaller than the Cornwallis monument, although it is more beautiful. It bears a much smaller tablet; large enough, however, to hold a noteworthy list of victory. And then, if you cast your eyes down to the plain footstone, you will see this inscription:

Sedan?



That's all; but it's one of the most beautiful things done in the world, and one of the bravest and loyalest.

And if ever the verdict of Sedan is reversed, you will see the whole city of Paris marching up to the cemetery of Montmartre, with the President at the head, and a stone-chisel in his hand, to dig out that question mark.

UN-AMERICAN MOVEMENT.

INQUIRING BOY.—What do the newspapers mean when they say a thing is un-American?

FATHER.—They mean that it is something which prevents foreigners from running this country to suit themselves.

DOUBLY DISQUALIFIED.

MINNIE.—I never saw anything more ridiculous than Miss Giggle's flirtation with that young man.

MAY.—Well, you know, Miss Giggle is old and inexperienced!

HE BLEW out the gas
At a hotel one night.
Did he though? No, alas!
It was only the light!



ANOTHER LABOR-SAVING INVENTION.

DUSTY RHODES.—Fer th' love of heaven! Weary, what you got there?

WEARY WALKER.—Just 'swiped 'em from a dago down in the village. Greatest scheme I've struck yet—only have to use yer legs to steer by, and ye can go to sleep movin' along.

ORTHODOX.

"You must have got very tired this morning, shoveling snow."

"No; I shoveled a Christian path."

"How is that?"

"'Straight and narrow'—you know!"



BETTER THAN LONDON.

"Ya-as," murmured the club man by the mantel; "I imagine life in the—aw—twopics has its delights, you know!"

The club man, in the easy chair, gazed at the bottoms of his trousers.

"Fahncy," he observed, with a distinct tinge of enthusiasm; "living wheah it wains six months without stopping!"

After that they smiled silently for two hours.

AN OPTIMIST is a man who runs an account with a suburban grocer.



THE MANAGER'S FRIGHT.

LEADING MAN (ten minutes before curtain rises).—I regret, very much, having to tell you something that will break up this successful run; but—

MANAGER (excitedly).—What's up? What's happened?

LEADING MAN.—I must refuse to go on to-night, unless you can give me my salary for the last three weeks!

MANAGER (sinking back in his seat).—Great Scott! How you scared me! I thought you were going to say the steam buzz-saw was out of order.

WELL DEFINED.

AMICUS.—You say that poem is magaziney. What particular quality do you consider it as possessing?

POET.—Some quality that will enable me to sell it for more than it is worth.

AS WOMAN talks so very much,
Whether she's old, or sweet and young,
Perhaps that is the reason why
All speech is known as "mother-tongue."



NOTHING TO REGRET.

TOURIST.—So, you are the last of the Western Cow-Boys! Do you not feel sad when you recall the scenes and companions of the past?

SOLE REMAINING SPECIMEN.—Oh, no! I'm doin' fust-rate;—I git three dollars an hour posing for them fellers from the East that makes paintin's an' drorin's about "Wild Life On the Plains!"



HIS LIGHT BREAKFAST.

"You look ill," remarked the fat woman.
 "Yes, indeed!" said the India-rubber man, solicitously. "What is the matter, old fellow?"
 "I don't know," rejoined the fire-eater, while an expression of great pain flitted across his face; "unless the little blaze I had for breakfast was built with kerosene."
 It seemed a plausible theory.

BUT, HE CAN'T TALK.



I AM AN old horse from a livery stable;
 I could tell a lot of things, if I were able:
 How, in the soft September night,
 John Henry found supreme delight
 In driving me to Thompson's farm,
 And back again, with but one arm,
 Although John Henry, when alone,
 Was wont to drive with more than one.

How, when the moon, with yellow light,
 Put golden edges on the night,
 That gay and giddy Hiram Brown
 Went driving just outside the town,
 To where a bridge, beyond a knoll,
 Could not be crossed, unless a toll
 Were paid to him; though there
 was none
 When Hiram drove across alone.

How, when the sweet June roses bloomed,
 And all the darkness was perfumed,
 That sentimental Fairfax White
 Would hire me every other night,
 And through the lanes go driving slow,
 The meanwhile murmuring soft and low;
 To whom I never could exactly see —
 But Fairfax did n't talk to me.

In Winter time, across the snow
 With jingling bells I've had to go;
 And, though I'd pull the sleigh with ease,
 We'd go so slow I'd nearly freeze.
 And yet in any kind of storm
 That Henry Black kept nice and warm;
 Except one night — he was alone —
 Just why to me was never known;
 I know he ran me out of breath,
 And Henry nearly froze to death.

Oh! I'm an old horse from a livery stable;
 I could tell a lot of things, if I were able.

Will. J. Lampton.

BOTH SIDES.

TENANT.—You know I'd never have leased this house, as it has no yard, if you had n't told me the cellar was such a fine place for the children to play. Now I find the cellar is full of water all the time.

LANDLORD.—Have patience, Madam! It will soon freeze over; and then think what a nice private rink you'll have!

LOOKING FORWARD.

POWERS.—I understand that your company is using its capital stock to pay dividends.

BOWERS.—Yes; we want the stockholders to get some of their money back.

MIND CURE.

ADA.—How is Miss Passée?

IDA.—Recovering rapidly. She has been improving ever since she called in the new doctor.

ADA.—What did he do for her?

IDA.—Told her she had youth in her favor.

THE REASON.

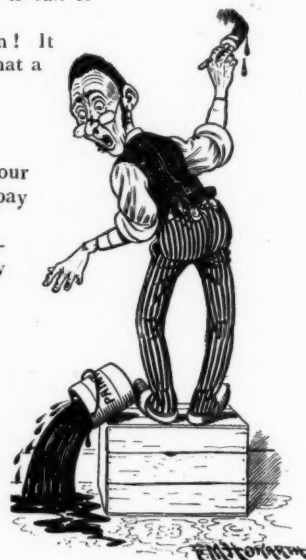
PAPA.—Donald, do you know why the gander stands on one foot at a time, out there in the snow?

DONALD.—I guess he does it to get a chance to warm the other in his inside pocket.

TO THE DIALECT WRITER.

It's writin' time in Georgy; git out the time-worn props,
 The watermelon and the mule, 'possum, fishin', crops;
 It's good times come to Billville, and the 'tater's in the ash,
 The long pole knocks the 'simmon and the short "pome" takes the cash.

R. L. McC.



HER OBJECTION.

KITTY.—Oh, dear! I wish I had something to do!

LETTY.—Why don't you go in for charity?

KITTY.—I don't like the smell.

A PASTORAL.

(1894.)



ABSENT FROM the side of Phyllis for a year or more was Strephon, E'er again he knelt before her for the love she once refused; But again she shook her head, "You're a shepherd, sir," she said, "And your income—well, why argue?" Here a maiden blush diffused.

Strephon, back from Arizona, and of this did he remind her:

"I've a range of many acres in that land of mountains hoar; And the fact I'm not mistating, for with sheep at present rating, They are worth about five thousand once a month, and may be more.

"I'm a shepherd for what's in it—not for past'ral pleasure merely. Flocks have I in untold numbers—they're a monetary band."

"Ah! I see now your position—that's a different proposition—" So spake Phyllis with decision, as she gave her dainty hand.

L. H. Bickford.

GENIUS SURMOUNTS ALL OBSTACLES.

BINKERTON.—Smart man that Senator Limberjaw—uncommon smart man. Look how he's got on in politics!

PILGARLIC.—Yes; but then, you know, he was born of wealthy parents, and had a university education.

BINKERTON.—That's so! There ain't one man in a thousand could have overcome his early disadvantages!

A CARELESS JOURNALIST.

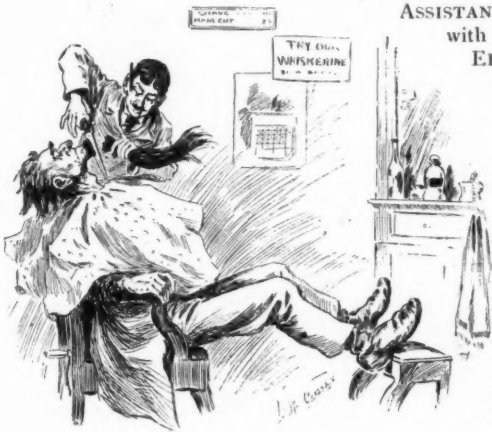
EDITOR (of the "Daily Shouter").—I don't like the beginning of your editorial on the new year.

ASSISTANT.—What is the matter with it?

EDITOR.—You say, "We have entered upon the year 1894." Why not add, "as exclusively predicted by the *Daily Shouter*?"

THE EVIL that men do makes them eligible to nomination for office.

THE WAGES of sin defy alike hard times and the knifing hand of capital.



RACING TERMS.

"THEY'RE OFF IN A BUNCH."

"OPPOSITES OFTEN produce like results." Hunger conquers pride; but the excessive indulgence of appetite likewise destroys it.

A MISSING WORD CONTEST—A Spelling Bee.

A SLIGHT TURN.



WICKED YOUTH.—Irish! Irish!



STRAIGHT AS A STRING.

LOUISIANA SHERIFF.—I want er warrant fer ole Si Plunkem, fer drunkenness; he's practisin' with his rifle on the nigger camp-meetin', an' he's hit four already.

LOUISIANA JUSTICE.—Wharabouts be Si?

LOUISIANA SHERIFF.—He be shootin' from his smoke-house winder.

LOUISIANA JUSTICE.—Sho, officah! That's nigh onto six hundred yahds f'um the nigger camp-meetin'. Old Si kaint be very drunk if he kin hit a nigger at six hundred yahds. Yo' must be mo' keerful 'bout askin' this co't fo' warrants, sah!

PIETY IN SEASON.

"Ross intimated he was very active in church work. What's his special line?"

"He sends New Year's cards to the poor and gets up fasting clubs among the destitute during Lent."

SPOTTED.

WOOL.—I think foot-ball is getting to be just as bad as prize-fighting.

VAN PELT.—How much did you lose on the last game?

A TIP-TOP SAIL.

The Vigilant's captain and crew may quail,
For the race, next year, will be tough;
But add to her rigging a bargain sail,
And she will go fast enough.

E. B.

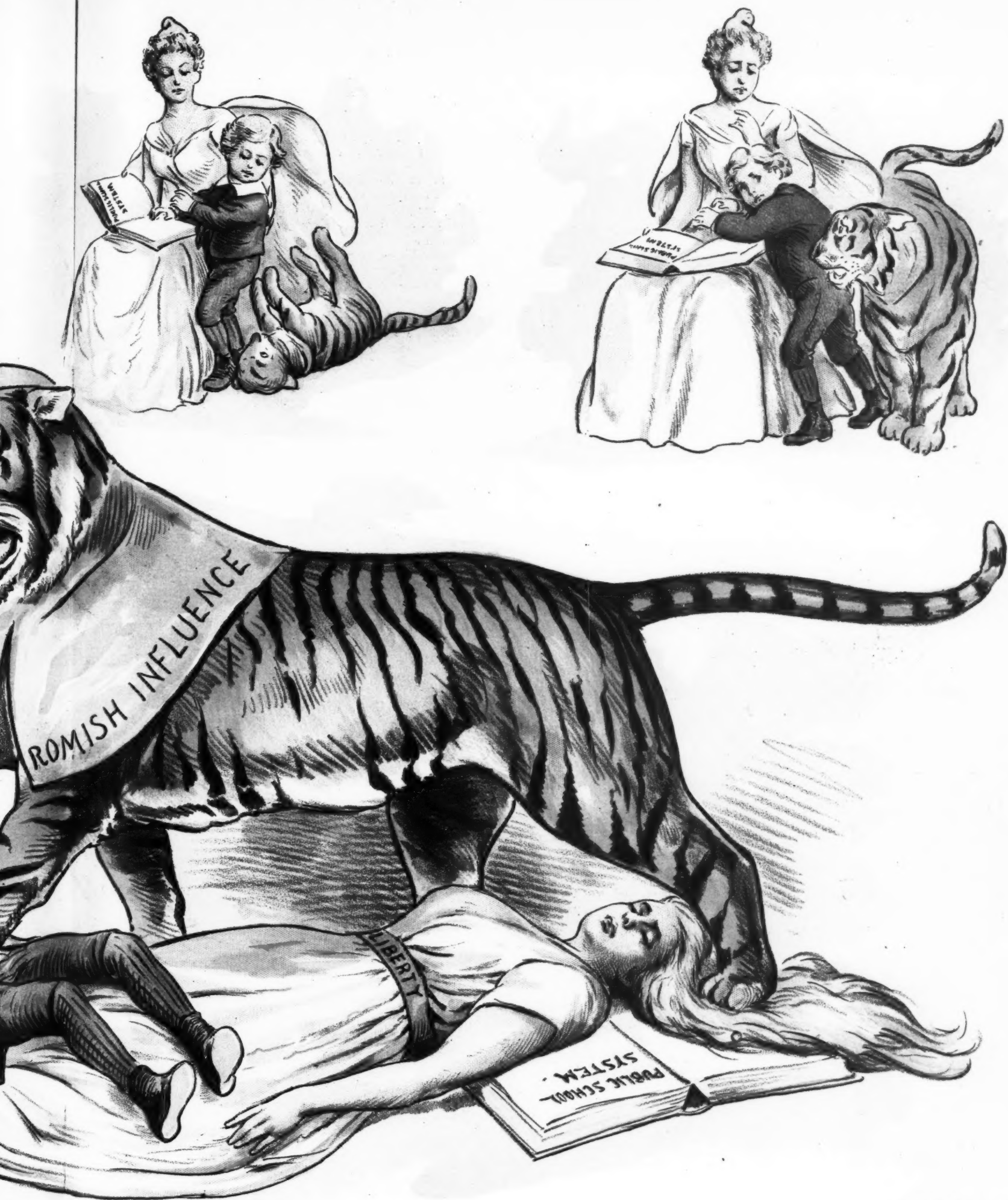


MURPHY (as he turns the hod).—Phat's thot?



A PICTURE W

REPRINTED FROM PUCK OF JANUARY 16TH, 1884. — PUCK FINDS NO STRONGER COMMENT



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

RE WITHOUT WORDS.

COMMENT ON THE RENEWAL OF CATHOLIC AGITATION FOR A SHARE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL FUNDS.



OF SOME USE.

OLD GOTROX (to his fashionable son).— You and your set thoroughly disgust me. You could get along as well without a head as with one.

ALGY.— Aw — Fawther — how wediculous! Why, wheah would a fellah weah his hat?

AN EXPLANATION.

SON.— Father, why do they call preachers Doctors of Divinity?

FATHER (of the old school).— Because so many preachers doctor divinity to suit their own ideas.

A BOY'S IDEA OF SNOW.

It would be perfect from the bleak sky sent,
And I'd have lots more fun
If some nice man would only just invent
A little snow-ball gun.



AN AMPLE SUPPLY OF HIS OWN.

MR. TAKEHAM INN.— Let's go in and see this show; — what do you say?

MR. SUFFERN BARRETT.— No, thanks; I don't care for them; — my three daughters are taking piano lessons, and my son practices on the banjo two hours every evening.

NO FURTHER USE.

OFFICER O'HOOOLIGAN.— Phwy wuz McGinley dischar-r-rged from th' foorce?

OFFICER O'RANNIGAN.— He'd been in this coonthry so long chot he'd losht his brogue.

SHE WAS HORRIFIED.

"I'll make leg-of-mutton sleeves to this gown," said Mrs. Gargoyle's dressmaker.

"Indeed you won't!" replied Mrs. Gargoyle, decidedly. "Don't you know I am a strict vegetarian?"

THESE FIGHTERS are quite theatrical,
In the newspaper wars they wage;
But they are pugilists, one and all,
On the boards of the mimic stage.



A COLD CUT.

She passes by, she cuts him dead;
To him she's but a dream.
(Last Summer he pawned his overcoat
To buy that girl ice-cream.)

BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

MRS. CRAIK.— I look so well in black that it seems almost a pity you can never live to enjoy seeing me wear it.

CRAIK (cheerfully).— Don't worry about that, my dear; I expect to outlive your mother.

A LOGICIAN.

MISS ABY SEE.— Boys, give the feminine term for one who washes clothes.

THE BOYS.— Laundress!

MISS ABY SEE.— The masculine term?

(Pause.)

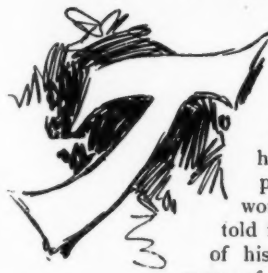
ONE BOY.— Chinaman!



SOME MEN have such a hatred
of greed that they feel un-
happy if any-body else makes more
money than themselves.

KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR ate grass for seven years; but can any of the Biblical commentators tell us whether in all that time he felt as if he were "living in clover?"

A NEW YORK PASTEL.



HE SCIENTIST sat alone in his study in a fit of gloomy abstraction. He had given the better years of his life to arduous research; and now, just as a glorious demonstration of his theory seemed within his grasp, he was to be thwarted, apparently, by a caprice of Fate. The world had been incredulous when he told it that he, following in the footsteps of his master, Darwin, had learned that many of the lower orders of animal life have

languages of their own which may be mastered by man. The world had bid him bring it his proofs. Full of confidence, he had plunged into the African jungle in the hope that daily association with its hairy denizens would yield him the secret of their talk. When he emerged after many months, his heart was light, for triumph was his. Back to the great city of New York he had come, bringing with him two fine specimens of the genus *Troglodytes niger*, better known to common-minded people as the Chimpanzee. Not only had he assured himself that they held speech together; but, greatest achievement of all, he had mastered a portion of their strange vocabulary, and was now able to chat with them in a halting and fragmentary way. Hardly had he become settled in New York, however, when his new-found friends refused to speak further with him. Worse yet, they had become sullen and taciturn even toward each other, speaking only such few words as would insure the barest civility. They had remained thus for many days. Each succeeding day found them still more reticent and morose.

Well might the patient *savant* bow his head in dejection! Science was balked on the eve of a mighty discovery.

"If I could only get them into some place where they would feel at home!" he mused; "if I could but surround them with congenial companions!" At that moment a servant brought him a thick envelope bearing his address. He opened it listlessly, and took out a stiff, white card. A second's glance at it, and his figure quivered with sudden excitement. With animation in every line of his face, he glanced quickly up at one of his charges. Perched on the top of a book-case, it held a tennis racquet in its hands defiantly. Then he shouted that one word which is uttered by all great discoverers, whether of worlds or stove-polishes: "Eureka!"

Half-past five o'clock on the afternoon of a pleasant day, in the drawing-rooms of Mrs. T. Swellington Crullers, the chief ornament of New York's most exclusive social circle. The elegantly appointed rooms are thronged by the other ornaments of that exalted circle, and our friend, the Scientist, is also here helping to throng. His manner is blithe, and a look of conscious power adorns his brow. An expert in social matters would at once perceive the nature of this function without the aid of a catalogue. It is known as the "five-o'clock" or "afternoon tea." Here are Society Persons who have been so for years. They lend solid decorum to the scene, and munch three-cornered lettuce sandwiches between whiles. Then there is a younger element, society buds — of both sexes — who quaff fragrant oolong from dainty cups, and have lively conversation with one another. Only upon a closer examination of the assemblage, succeeding his first casual survey, would the social expert detect the presence of two guests oddly at variance with the others. Not by word or action — only in appearance — is their oddity displayed. They are the Chimpanzee friends of the Scientist, — no longer morose and silent, but gay, animated and talkative. The smaller of the two stands carelessly turning the leaves of "Society as I Have Found It," and listening delightedly to the chatter of a large, impressive man, with gray moustache and imperial. The larger Simian,



BOUND TO HAVE TROUBLE.

TUFF MUGGS. — Bet ye ten dollars I can lick ye in t'ree minutes!

CHOLLY. — My deah fellow, I have n't the least doubt that you could.

TUFF MUGGS. — Wot 's dat? Do yer mean to say I ain't no gentleman, an' tryin' to do you on a sure thing bet — (trouble follows.)

a Chysanthemum in one hand, at which he nibbles delicately from time to time, is delighting those present by displaying with each newcomer his proficiency in the last London handshake.

The Scientist gazes proudly at his charges. Now they meet and exchange amiable greetings in their native *patois*. He listens eagerly for their words. He hears a sentence which he knows to mean: "It's the first time we've felt at home since we left the jungle; hey, old man?"

His heart gives a glad bound. Straight before him lie all of honor and glory that the world is ever ready to accord to Genius.

"It's all plain sailing, now," he mutters;

"with this sort of thing every day,

and a box at the opera, I'll have those fellows talking good English and leading cotillions before the season's over — if the S. P. C. A. does n't get on to me."



Tea and sandwiches continued on their ways; conversation continued to sparkle. The two foreigners, for we must now so designate them, mingled easily and gracefully with the giddy throng. Presently they approached their benefactor.

"We must thank you for such a pleasant afternoon!" they said. New York's 400 was now 402. Science, too, had scored its victory.

H. L. Wilson.

WOMAN'S READY SYMPATHY.

WEARIED FATHER. — They say that no matter how one suffers, some one has suffered more. All the same, they could n't beat me in this business, for I have walked this child the entire night for fully six hours.

MOTHER (calmly). — Yes, Henry dear; but suppose you lived up near the Pole, where the nights are six months long?



DUSTY RHODES. — Where have you kept yourself all the morning?

FITZ WILLIAM. — Been taking a drive in the Park.

DUSTY RHODES. — W-W-hat!

FITZ WILLIAM. — Yep; met a Sparrow Cop, an' he drove me out.

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 —A Foreman.

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A YOUNG LADY recently lost a diamond pin, and thought she might find it by walking around the room in the dark in her bare feet, as tacks are often found in that way when they are not needed. So she started out, and suddenly felt something sharp in her heel. Turning the gas up, she looked at her little crescent-shaped pedal, and, lo and behold! it contained a tack. She then turned the light down, and said to herself that she did n't want the pin at all, but would like to find a tack better than anything else. Inside of four seconds she felt a stinging sensation in the other foot, and, turning the gas up, she sat down upon the sofa and pulled her diamond pin out of her foot! Any one who believes this story will receive a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK by return mail — on receipt of twenty-five cents.

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MISS VERIRICH (of the Milwaukee Veririches).—And I, love, because you are not marrying me for my social rank.

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"She's a perfect poem," said Mars,
looking approvingly after Minerva.

"And all out of my own head," said
Jove, proudly.

ENVY.

BLIMMER.—Women, as a rule, are
better than men.

DIMMER.—Yes; and they spend a
large part of their time regretting the
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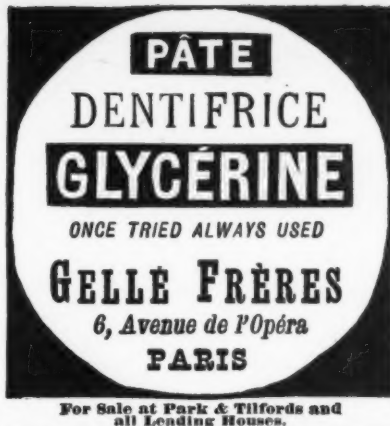
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TOM.—And when a woman does n't know what to do she asks a man.

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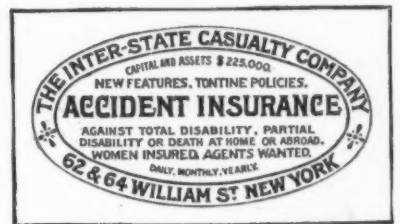
NO MORE GRAY HAIR

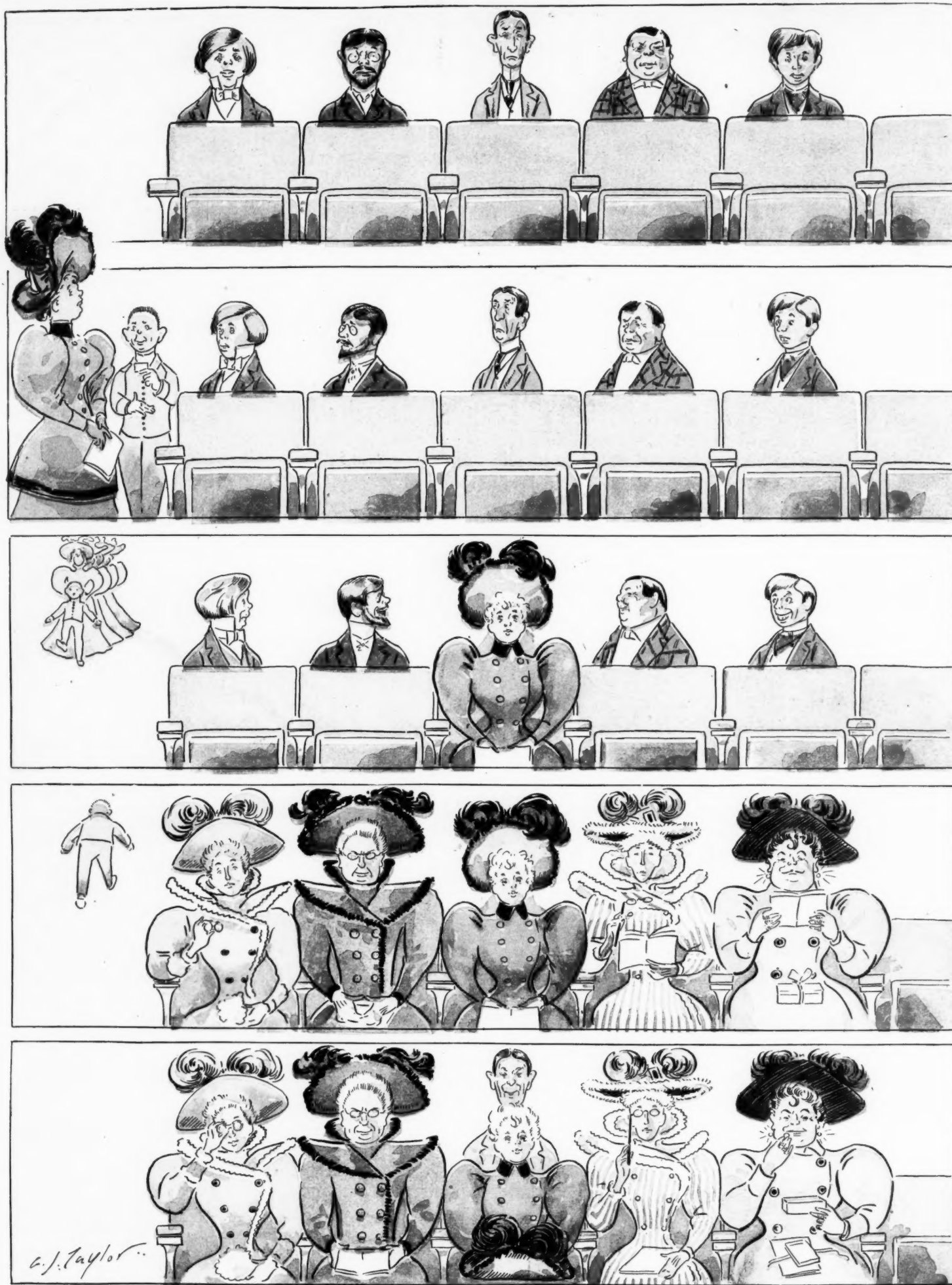
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